The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIV APRIL, 1957 Number 1

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

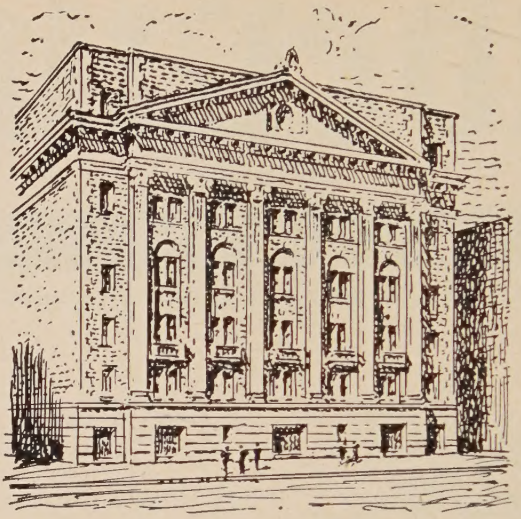
45th Anniversary

of

Dr. Preston Bradley

in the

Peoples Church of Chicago



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

Holy Week

in the

PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

PALM SUNDAY

April 14

11:00 a.m.—"And Other's Branches"
7:00 p.m.—"If Christ Entered Jerusalem Today"

ERLANGER THEATRE

127 N. Clark Street (Loop)
April 15 to April 19
Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40 p.m.

Theme: "What Holy Week Means to the Christian Liberal"
Monday—"Triumphant Declarations"
Tuesday—"Supreme Claims"
Wednesday—"Overcoming Misunderstandings"
Thursday—"Friendship's Test"
Friday—"Final Security"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan
8:00 p.m.

Thursday—"Remembrance"
Friday—"It Is Finished"

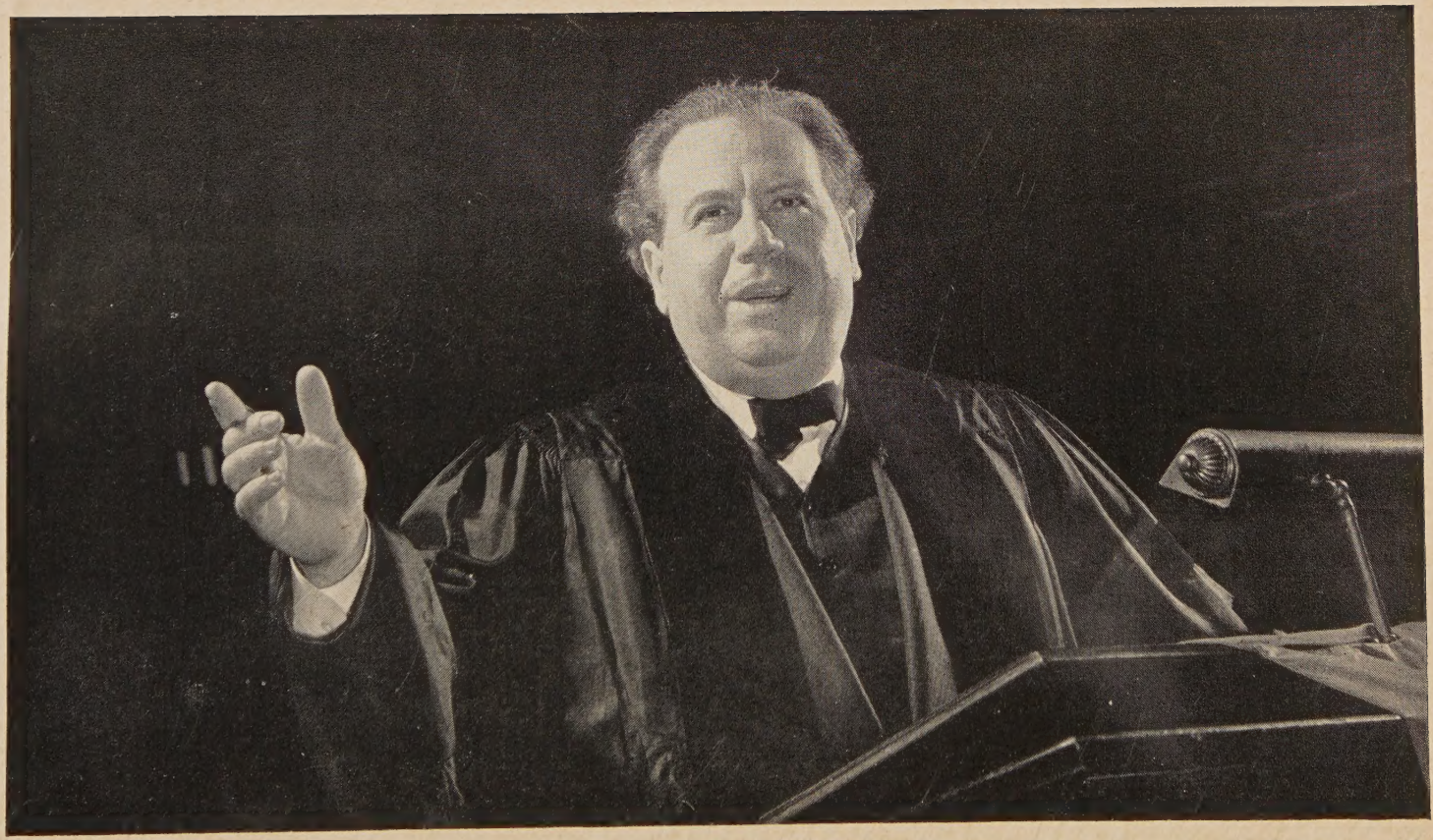
EASTER SUNDAY

Three Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"In the Morning"
Children Dedicated—New Members Received
11:00 a..m.—"There Will Always Be An Easter"
7:00 p.m.—"Affirmation of Immortality"
(Closing Sunday Evening Service)

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasts

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning—11:00 to 12:00
WCFL—Sunday Vespers Broadcast—5:30 p.m.
WSEL (FM), 104.3—Morning Service re-broadcast, Sunday—9:30 p.m.



"By breaking most of the rules for preaching, Preston Bradley, of Chicago, has become one of the world's most successful preachers." (American Magazine, April, 1943.)

"ALONG THE WAY"

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

March 18

WE arrived home on the New York Central's "Commodore" at 8:30 this morning, after 8,000 miles of travel by land and sea and air. June left immediately for her classroom at the Hawthorne School. I came immediately home with the luggage. After a warm welcome by my Study Secretary, Ethel Wells Smalley, our Housekeeper, Mrs. Mae Duffy, and June's mother, Mrs. W. B. Haslet, I went into the Study and faced a desk piled high with mail, magazines, books, and many items requiring immediate attention. In spite of the inevitable reaction after so many carefree days—for we had brilliant sunshine and temperatures from 75° to 90°, I must get out this article, for we have to meet the necessary deadline. It is a cold, rainy, windy March day in Chicago, and it hardly seems possible that but a few hours ago we were under blue skies and in a temperature of 85°. Necessarily this article will be a scattered account of some of our experiences, hoping that later on, in the pulpit and during my lectures I shall be able to give a more detailed one.

I left Chicago Wednesday evening, February 27th, at 11 o'clock, from the Midway Airport on the "Viscount" of the Capital Air Lines. June went the day before with the baggage, but it was impossible for me to leave then because I was giving an address on Wednesday evening in the Conrad Hilton Hotel. The flight to New York was one of the pleasantest I have ever had. Immediately back of me in the plane was Mr. John Nuveen, President of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, one of our great civic leaders and a friend of mine for many years.

It was an awe-inspiring experience for me to be 18,000 feet in the air, traveling at 400 miles an hour, looking down onto the myriads of glittering lights of the cities over which we flew. I arrived in New York at 2:30 in the morning, so filled with the experience of the night flight and anticipating what was just ahead, that it was difficult for me to go to sleep.

The next morning, February 28th, at 11 o'clock, we embarked on our favorite ship, the "Mauretania," to spend the next seventeen days, the ship being our hotel during the entire trip. A ship's sailing is always an interesting event. Many people had come to the ship to see friends and relatives off on the trip. The usual hubbub over baggage, locating state rooms, getting seat assignments for the dining room and all the other details which are a part of the first hour or two were soon accomplished.

Coming on board the "Mauretania" was for us almost like coming home. We are familiar with the ship and the crew, and to be greeted warmly as we were, only made it feel more homelike. Our first meal was luncheon which took place soon after sailing, and somehow I never can leave the scene of the New York Harbor and its teeming activity until we have reached the Ambrose Lightship. Another always interesting anticipation before going to one's table for the first time on a voyage, is wondering who your table companions will be and what they will be like. In this respect we were most fortunate. On most of our crossings we have been privileged to sit at the Chief Engineer's table. While there is a certain amount of protocol observed at all senior offi-

cers' tables, the Captain's table is sometimes difficult because of this protocol. We much prefer the Chief Engineer's table.

Our Chief Engineer was Mr. T. E. Williams, from Wales. We found him to be one of the most delightful men we have ever met and as a reconteur he is unsurpassed. The Staff Chief Engineer, Mr. R. H. Bryan, has his table in another part of the ship, but they interchanged during the voyage, so we had the privilege of becoming more intimately acquainted with the Staff Chief Engineer as well. Both of these gentlemen ought to write of their experiences at sea. Both had harrowing and dangerous experiences in the war, Mr. Bryan having served both in the Army and the Navy. Both have passed through the loss of their ships and have had other experiences which it would take a Joseph Conrad or an H. M. Tomlinson to describe accurately. We spent many delightful hours with Mr. Williams and Mr. Bryan and the friendship which we have for them is among the finest of our lives.

We were delighted to find at our table Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Turner, who were at our table last year and with whom we have maintained interesting correspondence during the winter. They both read The Liberalist and we hope some day it will be possible for them to vist our church. Mr. Turner is one of the kindliest of men, always helpful and concerned with the comfort of others. Mrs. Turner was her usual vivacious personality, vitally interested in every port we visited and, as a zealous photographer, she has made hundreds of pictures of the West Indies, and I think this was their eighth visit.

We also had another charming table companion in Miss Agnes Foster, of South Orange, New Jersey. Miss Foster, too, has previously visited the West Indies and is a most charming and delightful person. She is an ardent Episcopalian and we attended together the church in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, when the preacher was Bishop Barry, Bishop of Albany, New York. I also attended on the same Sunday, a Methodist Church in St. Thomas. Both congregations were composed of natives, but the Methodist Minister was from Glasgow, Scotland. I enjoyed a brief visit with him after the service.

The remaining two people at our table were a Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sikora, of Riverside, Illinois. I was delighted to learn that they are radio listeners and that Mr. Sikora formerly lived near our church and was one of the early members of the North Shore Masonic Lodge. He was a Past Master of the Lodge. They were familiar with our work, my broadcast, and we felt immediately at home with them. This Chief Engineer's table was the happiest table I have ever known on any of my ocean voyages. We were all congenial, friendly, and as the cruise progressed our friendship became deepened. When you eat three times with people every day for seventeen days, you cannot help but get to know them rather well. I don't think there was a table on the whole ship of any more congenial souls, and friendships were formed which will not only last, but will deepen with the passing of the years. One of our regrets was that Mrs. Charles Ogilvy, from New York, who was at our table last year, and for whom we have a great affection, could not be with us this year, but she had the place of honor on the ship in being assigned to Captain Williams' right, at his table. Mrs. Ogilvy receives our Liberalist and we spent many pleasant and happy times together on the voyage. She is a woman of unusual charm

and a lovely spirit. So much for our table.

* * *

In the early afternoon of the first day it was obvious that the ship had more motion. I could tell by the sea we might expect rough weather ahead. My expectations were more than realized, for by early evening and all through the night, as we passed Cape Hatteras we had a full gale. The ocean was as rough as I have ever known it to be. Side-racks were placed on our beds in the stateroom, and the racks were raised on the dining room table. Even as fine a ship in a heavy sea as the "Mauretania" pitched and bounced around like the proverbial cork. It was very cold, one could not go on deck, and the electric heaters were on in our stateroom. But all this was a matter of only a few hours, for the next day the sea was more calm, the sky was blue and the air much warmer. By nightfall it was obvious we were entering the tropics, and in only a few hours everyone was in summer casual-wear, the swimming pools were filled and summer was upon us. That was the end of our rough weather, for even yesterday, when we arrived in New York, the sea was calm and quiet, though it was cold and windy.

We visited St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Nevis, Martinique, Trinidad, Cartegena, Cristobal, Kingston, Haiti and Havana. I wish there was room for me to go into detail about every port, but I will mention experiences in the succeeding numbers and will make several references from the pulpit. Captain C. S. Williams who has sailed the "Mauretania" for a long time was making his last trip as her Captain. He brought her to New York on this cruise and is taking the "Brittanic" back to Southampton, where he becomes on arrival the Captain of the great and beautiful "Queen Mary." He is a gracious personality and one of the finest Captains in the whole Cunard Line. Twice he brought the "Mauretania" into dock without any tugs during the strike. We wish him well as the Captain of the "Queen Mary" and hope sometime we can sail with him again.

The Staff Captain, Mr. H. J. Chaloner, who had distinguished service in the Navy, met his responsibility most acceptably and impressively. The Purser, Mr. C. J. Bellamy, has been Purser on the "Mauretania" for a long time and without any exaggeration or hesitancy whatever, and as one who has traveled on many ships, I have never known a purser who performed his difficult, complicated and arduous task any better than Mr. Bellamy. Every one of the 700 passengers on the ship would express the same opinion.

Our first stop was St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, where we arrived in the early morning. I was on deck before daylight. I wanted to see the beauty of St. Thomas. St. Thomas is the capital of the Virgin Islands, which are 18° above the equator and 64° West of Greenwich. They are 1,400 miles southeast of New York and a little more than 40 miles east of Puerto Rico. The United States purchased the islands from Denmark in 1917 for $25,000,000. They are composed of three large islands with an area of 135 square miles. They were discovered by Columbus in 1493. The mountainous islands have a romantic history which includes slave uprisings, pirate raids, million dollar fires and periodic hurricanes. The islands were at different times under the flag of France, Spain, Holland and Denmark, but through their commercial importance as sugar and rum producers, as well as the shipping activities of St. Thomas, they

remain cosmopolitan in culture and English in language. Beautiful beyond comparison, their beaches and rocky hills have inspired poets and artists for generations. Historic ruins of the departed Carib Indians give some indication of the glamorous past. Old towers, named Bluebird and Blackbird, overlook the town of Charlotte Amalie and recall other days when any galleon or brigantine might have borne the black flag. Ft. Christian, built in 1671 by the Danes, is now a Police Station and the tombstones in its courtyard bear evidence of its departed governors and commanders.

After fourteen years under the Navy Department the Virgin Islands were transferred to the Department of the Interior in 1931, by President Hoover, and their first civilian Governor was Dr. Paul M. Pearson. The import duty of St. Thomas is only 6%. This allows European goods to be sold at prices considerably lower than those prevailing in the United States.

We next visited an island known as St. Kitts, a mountainous island of volcanic origin 33 miles long and five miles wide at its greatest breadth, with a population of about 32,000. We have an island in Lake Vermilion almost as large. This was first discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493 and because it was so beautiful he named it after himself, Christopher, which has finally been corrupted into St. Kitts. It is known as the Mother Colony of the British West Indes, and was colonized by Sir Thomas Warner in 1623. On our arrival we went up on top of a mountain overlooking the harbor to visit Sir Thomas Warner's grave. The view from here was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen anywhere in the world. It is a small island, not very well known, but an island of distinct charm and beauty.

We went from St. Kitts to the island of Nevis. I was very much interested in visiting this small and somewhat lesser-known island, because it was the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, whose father, James Hamilton, was a young Scotsman who had gone out to the island and whose mother was Rachel Labien, a resident of Nevis. The ruins of the birthplace have been restored and the house next door where Alexander Hamilton lived as a boy is intact. As I stood on the spot I thought of the distance Hamilton traveled from that little spot in the Caribbean Sea to build the foundation for the monetary system of the United States of America.

* * *

I will tell you more about some of our experiences in the May number, but I do want to tell you about the service at which I preached on the "Mauretania." It was Sunday morning, March 10th. We had sailed from Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, at 2:00 o'clock in the morning. As is the custom on every British ship, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock there is always read the Anglican service. The Captain and the Officers of the ship read the service. A day or two before, Mr. Bellamy, the Purser, came to see me, presented the compliments of the Captain and said "The Captain is desirous of you preaching the sermon at the service aboard the ship Sunday morning." I said I considered it a very great honor and accepted the invitation. Precisely at 11 o'clock the chimes sounded throughout the ship and the Grand Hall on the Promenade Deck was soon filled to overflowing. The service begins by a procession of the Captain, Staff Captain, and other Senior Officers. Prior to that the nurses aboard the ship, the steward and other members of the staff have taken their places in front of the temporary altar which has

been placed over the music stand. The Purser escorted me to the front seat in the Grand Hall, and as the procession passed me, the Staff Captain took my arm and I joined the procession to the platform, where I was assigned a seat for the service. The Captain read the service, the Staff Captain the lesson from the Old Testament and the Chief Officer the lesson from the New Testament. At the proper place in the Anglican service for the sermon I was introduced by the Captain.

It was the third time I had preached a sermon at sea; once on the "Kungsholm," once on the "United States," and now on the "Mauretania." The audience was from all over the country and the world, and I would not ask for a better. They listened intently and all the rest of the voyage I was meeting people on the decks who would come up to me and tell me about the service. It was an opportunity to become known and for people to become familiar with one's work, which never would have come to me without the morning service. It is an inspiring thing to see the people of every denomination and every faith worshipping together, singing together and all hearing the same service.

The people were most gracious and most responsive in expressing appreciation and it was an experience I shall not soon forget.

My space is gone, so I will tell you more about it next month.

* * *

The most glorious and triumphant day in the history of the church will soon be here—Easter Sunday, April 21st. Holy Week I shall be preaching each noon in the Erlanger Theatre, for the 31st Season; and Maundy Thursday and Friday nights in the church. There will be three services on Easter Sunday, 9:00 o'clock, 11:00 o'clock and the closing Sunday evening service at 7:00 o'clock. New members will be received and children christened at the 9:00 o'clock Easter Sunday morning service.

We are planning one of the finest Easter seasons in the history of the church. We hope you will attend as many of the services as possible and that Easter day will be a victorious day in your life.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THE Liberal is concerned with Christianity as a way and not a creed—as a life and not a system. The true Liberal will work with any organization that tries to make articulate the voice of Jesus in this age to help solve the problems of the here and now. He will gladly acknowledge any genius of humanity who has tried to touch life with a starward impulse. With the Liberal the *cause* is supreme and not the theory. The performance is imperative and not the promise. Bigotry is an ignoble attitude.

I recall speaking at a gathering of 1500 men and women who had been brought together by the desire to preserve for posterity the remnant of the Out-of-Doors of the America of our ancestors; conservation of our natural resources, our animals, birds and fish; our forests, lakes and streams. This was the inspiration of the gathering.

The list of speakers comprised a Roman Catholic priest, a Jewish Rabbi, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Lutheran minister, an Ethical Culturist and a Unitarian. During the whole affair there was not one discord, no intimation of theological differences, no personal animosities, the very environment was inspiring. We were all solidified by the unity of one great ideal.

More than once during the evening this thought came to me: "If all the warring and wrangling Christians, with their plans, creeds, isms, theories, could forget their differences and all the attendant bitterness, while in the unity of the world's great need, all of us together of whatever creed, simply would take this attractive position:—'I shall believe what I feel to be true about this or that in religion, but I shall unite with my fellowman in trying to make this a better world in which to live; I shall respect his honest convictions on matters of religion; I shall not harass him or falsely accuse him with my own judgments; I shall gladly recognize his right of individual opinion, and his freedom to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and I shall co-operate with him in every way—for after all, he may be right!'"

All this to me is what it means to be a Liberal.

(Photo by Fabian Bachrach, 1956)

FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF PREACHING

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM sure that everyone who reads these lines will realize that this is for me a very nostalgic moment, as I look back on 45 years of preaching, with the greater part of my life back of me. It is more nostalgic than I can possibly make you feel or understand.

There is no relationship, probably, in this world more sacred than the relationshp between a pastor and his people. There is a love that inevitably grows stronger and sweeter as the years pass; there is a deepening of friendships one has made along the way; there is the inevitable coming and going of people in and out of one's life. The memories remain but the personalities have gone. There is a constant coming into and going out of any church, but our church has been particularly blessed with the fact that many more have stayed in than have gone out. Our respect and admiration and our love for each other have deepened with the passing of the years, and I think the highest compensation which I shall have in my heart—if I am spared the blessedness of a lovely old age, that aftermath of life in which memory inevitably plays such an important part—will be the memories of my friends. Friendship, probably, after all is the crowning jewel of life.

I never remember when I did not want to be a preacher. As a small boy in our little village, there was no one in the town any more captivating to me than the preacher. My people were in the tradition of the Presbyterians. Those of you who think that Scotch

(*Continued on page* 14)

Photograph taken of 11 o'clock Easter Day Service in The Peop

Chicago. Only half of the congregation appears in the photograph.

Mrs. Preston (June) Bradley, whose marriage to Dr. Bradley took place at his birthplace in Linden, Michigan, June 30, 1952.

Forty-five Years of Preaching

(*Continued from page* 11)

Presbyterians are the last word in Presbyterianism, you do not know the Irish Presbyterians. In that part of Ireland where my father's family came from, they were Irish Presbyterians. That was my boyhood tradition. The minister of that church in our little village was to me the greatest man in the world. I always went to church without any compulsion, and I always went to Sunday School, and I united with that church when I was very young, about ten years old. In spite of all the heresy of my later theology, it is one of the great inner gratifications of my life that that little church has never removed my name from its membership roll. I am a member of that church today and when I go back to that little church I even preach in it. While my father and mother were always great liberals, in the highest and best sense of that word, that was my church, and I preached my first sermon five miles away from that little church.

Though I say that I never remember the time when I did not want to be a preacher, I do not want anyone to think that I was a little angel or that I have remained an angel. When I was a boy I knew where every watermelon patch was in our township and I knew what nights they were the ripest, and if I were to tell you the number of times that I was caught in vineyards by the side of Byron Lake, you might disown me. On Hallowe'en nights I could make the best tick-tack you ever heard in your life, and I knew right where the home of my school teacher was, and the very window of the room where she slept. She was a dear saint, but on many a Hallowe'en night I crept up to that window and pulled that tick-tack —a notched spool with a big spike through it and a string rolled around it,—and I held that up against the window pane and pulled the string and it would go brrrrrr! and then I would

run! So I was not a little saint; and I am not now; but sometimes I think the biggest little devils make the best preachers; they probably have some idea of what it is all about, this strange experience of life.

My family were not particularly anxious to have me be a preacher. We were very humble; my father was a blacksmith, my mother a little country girl who never went to school a day after she was fourteen, and my father never after he was fifteen. We knew nothing but hard work and poverty. But they were the greatest people I have ever known or ever will know.

My mother's family was a rather prominent family. They were the Warren family. The Uncle was the founder of the Bay City Tribune; he was a banker; also Ambassador to Japan and Ambassador to Mexico, and was appointed by President Coolidge as Assistant Attorney General of the United States. Charles Beecher Warren made a great name for himself. My grandfather's brother was an Internal Revenue Collector under Abraham Lincoln. They were a great family and I think they sort of saw the profession of law for me; a public and political life; an understandable ambition in parents, partcularly when this one branch of the family was taken into consideration.

I gave in for a little while and studied law, but I never practiced it and I could not get away from the idea of the ministry. All the time I was a student of law I was preaching in little churches around the community. Something was speaking to me and I could not get away from that voice.

We had in our little graveyard in Linden, where my father and mother rest today and where I hope I can rest, a marble tombstone about four feet high and on it was an open book of marble. I used to take my little sister, who is three years my junior, and get her to round up all of her gang, and I would get all of mine, and we would go out to this cemetery. I was a little lad, of course, and my head would just about show over that Bible on this tombstone, but I would make them sit down in front of me on the graves all around, and I would stand up and hold a church service and would preach to them. I have definite recollections of having difficulty in maintaining respectful decorum and I was a little severe. Sometimes the church service would end up in a good row, but I loved it and I never could get away from the appeal of the preacher.

I went on into high school and at 16 won the oratorical championship of the State of Michigan. As I went into high school and on into college, I had difficulty with the orthodoxy of my childhood. I did not like creeds or absolutism—the finality of the religion I had known. I did not like its inflexible nature. God seemed so much more to me than just the God of some church or some creed and I had difficulty from the beginning with the authorities of theological institutions and in religious denominations.

I just loved people; I do yet; I think if there is one thing more than anything else which explains what I have tried to do in the world, it is my love of people. I like to think of religion as something that belongs to the people; not something bound up in a creed or an institution or an organization, or a house or a building, or even in an altar. I always felt it was something in the hearts of men and women. So I could not find myself at home, and I could not stay where I felt restricted. I just had to be free; there was something in my soul that asked for it and I could not be coerced; I could not be imprisoned. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall

make you free." And I said to myself, "If I am ever going to be a preacher in my somewhat unorthodox attitude, with my heretical philosophy and theology, I shall have to stand alone, and loneliness is difficult, very difficult, and in the early years of my pulpit I was often lonely.

The opportunity of the pulpit of the Peoples Church came in the early years when I was so young and knew so little. When I re-read some of my early sermons of 20, 30 and 45 years ago, I marvel at the survival values of our church. I had an answer to everything. I knew what was the matter with government, education, religion, preachers, everything. And I thought all I had to do to set it all right was just to stand up and say things. I am all over that. I thought I would finish the Catholics; they were strongest, so I said, "I will get rid of them first," and I preached a series of sermons on why I was not a Roman Catholic. I thought all I had to do was to stand up and tell the world why I was not a Roman Catholic, so I did it. Oh, those were great sermons, and the last sermon I preached in that series was answered very effectively by my friend (later), Archbishop Quigley of the Diocese of Chicago, who dedicated one of the finest and newest Catholic Churches just a few blocks from where I was preaching, on that very Sunday. It is still doing well. It will survive even me.

Then I got worried about Spiritualism and Christian Science. I thought, "I have just got to put all these things out of business," so in the effervescence of my youth and the dogmatism of youth, for youth is always dogmatic —it is one of its virtues—I preached a series of sermons on why I was not a Christian Scientist. Here we were, a little group of us, and these Christian Scientists were coming along thick as could be, so I preached that series. I discussed the philosophy of reality—they were great sermons; they were wonderful; and after I got through with all that, demolishing Christian Science and putting it out of business, I turned around and married a Christian Scientist and lived with her for over 34 years, until her passing on, in 1950. I guess anyone would have to be a Christian Scientist to live with me for over 34 years; the philosophy might make it possible.

Then I got worried about Spiritualism and I said "I will handle that." So I decided to preach a series and get all of the spooks out of the dark. We had a great time with Spiritualism, and on the day of the last sermon, the very last one, a dear little old lady, a little bit of bric-a-brac, her face shining, eyes glistening, came to me after the service and said, "O, Doctor Bradley, it was so beautiful this morning, and all the time you were speaking I could see, standing beside you in the pulpit, Henry Ward Beecher." Then I came to the conclusion, "What's the use? You are not going to meet the problem of religion that way."

About that time I got excited about politics. William Howard Taft was President of the United States, George V was King of England; Kaiser Wilhelm was Emperor of Germany, so I started out to save the whole world; but it did not work and it was not very long before I realized I had taken in too much territory, so I decided to confine myself to the United States. In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt could not get the nomination away from Taft, so he formed his own party and the Progressive Party was born. I said to myself, "Theodore Roosevelt, that's the man!" And I went out to save the country with Theodore Roosevelt,—and we elected Woodrow Wilson! I was a little bit discouraged about that.

Still covering too much territory, I thought and decided to confine myself to the State of Illinois,—and Len Small was elected Governor! Then I decided to just concentrate on the City of Chicago, and they elected Bill Thompson as Mayor!

Down through the years I have gone along through changing scenes, with the world four different times turned upside-down, and during all these years we have looked across a broad plateau where we thought we could see a world of peace. During the two world wars, young men from our church went into the service of our country;—young men who, as babies I christened, and later I have stood by the side of their fathers and mothers when that telegram came, "We regret to inform you . . ." I have gone through sunshine and tears, I have experienced good and bad times, difficulties and triumphs; long, long nights of worry, dark days, but you, the members, have stayed; you have held up my hands through all the faults and imperfections, which were and are many, through all my mistakes of judgment, which have been many; through many wrong ideas and much wrong philosophy; through it all you have said, "There is something down deep, we will discover that."

Now, as life deepens for me, I am very conscious of the fact that I am facing the sunset, and I wish I were twenty again; I wish I had 50 years of it left; that I might be beginning all over again. I wish more than anything that I could accumulate the experience of these years and put it into the heart and mind of a young preacher of about 23 years of age, who will have 45 or 50 years ahead of him.

As my life deepens I feel so sure that there is an answer to all the controversies, the hatreds, the intolerance, all of the antagonism of people because of color, race, religion; yes, and as applied to nations, to all the consternation and confuson of this hour; I have seen it, I know it, I have been through it, and there is an answer and a remedy.

On this the 45th Anniversary of my ministry in the pulpit of the Peoples Church, I say to you that the last days of my life shall not be spent in controversies and arguments about the things that separate people; I shall not utter one syllable in a sermon during whatever there is left of life for me, that will make people dislike or misunderstand each other. During whatever is left of life for me I shall, to the best of my limitations, which are many, seek for those things which unite people rather than the things that divide them. There is an answer to every problem in the world. There is an answer to every troubled life. There is an answer to all the turmoil and confusion, the harshness of life. There is an answer to it which I see.

I have known the protective covering of Divine Love. I have been spared; God has been good to me in giving me a body and a heart and a mind that have stood up under the burdens, the tasks and difficulties, and I am so grateful to Him, until I have come to the conclusion that the rest of my ministry must be devoted to God. I don't believe there is anything more essential or important. I have seen all the organizations of men fail. I went through the first League of Nations. I attended the conference of the United Nations and saw men sitting at long green-covered tables trying to settle the problems of the world. I am still seeing men anchored to the philosophy that it can be done with organizations and committees and groups. I am seeing man's materialistic accomplishments all about him catch up with him. I am seeing him in the depths of theories as to relationships,

and as to the atomic bomb. I am seeing man building speed, power, speed, power, and it is all catching up with him and it is turning on him. Don't lay it onto God. Don't say these things are the judgments of God; they are not! God is weeping. God did not send them. Man has created them for himself out of his materialism, his greed, his desire for dollar profit systems. Man has brought it all upon himself and on the world, and all this mechanistic theory of materialism is turning on man.

There is still time before it devours and suppresses us. There is still time to find our way back to God; to find our way back to spiritual truth, spiritual things. If you do that, and the spiritual becomes the great emphasis and the great purpose of your life, you won't have to worry about the future of this church or of this nation. Perhaps we all need to get down on our knees. Perhaps that is our greatest need. And so, for the rest of my ministry, for whatever time is left, I am going to sound the note of God.

There is a way. It will have to be the Way of Christ. I am not interested in creeds, labels, intellectual distinctions and the niceties of philosophers; I am not interested in all that. Human hearts and human lives are breaking and the world is being drenched in tears because of oil—because of men wanting to be free. We must find a way to human hearts. We must put a vacant chair at all the conference tables, wherever they may be, and when the people gather to be seated and they say "Why, who is going to sit here? What candidate? What foreign minister? What diplomat?" Then let the people stop quarreling, and let all the churches say: "Make way for the King! The King of men's souls! Make way for the one who said: 'I am the way, I am the truth, I am the light!'" I have come to the conclusion there is no other way.

Mrs. Preston (Grace Thayer) Bradley, who passed on in the summer of 1950, and James Bradley Griffin, foster son of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, who passed on one year later, in the summer of 1951. Picture taken at Dr. Bradley's summer home Arden Lodge, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS I glance out the Study window, overlooking Lincoln Park, on this near-summerlike day, with the temperature at 70° on March 14th, I try to go back to that first day that I spent in Dr. Bradley's Study as his private secretary. It was December 11, 1939. The Professional and Business Woman's Club of the Peoples Church had just been organized and I had been honored by being made its first President. Dr. Bradley's former secretary, Mrs. Marguerite Schultz, had found it necessary to resign her position in order to take care of some property which needed her attention, and because of the illness at the time of her sister. Dr. Bradley had come to the Business Woman's Club seeking a new secretary. I had become acquainted with Dr. Bradley's church through the Friends of Literature to which I belonged and because my Aunt, Mrs. W. A. Thomson, with whom I had lived since childhood, listened to him every Sunday on the radio. We lived in Oak Park at the time and I then belonged to the First Church of Christ Scientist in Oak Park. For a year prior to my coming to work for Dr. Bradley I had been travelling every Sunday night from Oak Park to attend the evening services regularly. I had taken a letter of transfer from the Oak Park church to The Peoples Church and after accepting the position with Dr. Bradley, we moved to the North Side and I have remained in that location ever since.

I remember that my first impression that Monday morning in Dr. Bradley's home was that everyone in the home had a soft, gentle voice and I immediately disliked my own voice and wanted to improve its tone quality. I am still endeavoring to improve it.

I was in love with the work from the very start and it seemed to me that all my previous life's experiences had been designed to fit me for this position which I loved. I vowed to myself that I would try to make myself so useful in this position that Dr. Bradley just couldn't do without me. Do you think I am an egotist? Not at all. That is the ideal attitude, it seems to me, for any employee who values his or her position, and I most certainly did value mine. It isn't difficult to do your best when you love your work. It is truly a pleasure and there is a great amount of satisfacton in doing one's work to the utmost of one's ability. It adds a certain gusto to the work.

I soon realized that the moment I proved myself competent to handle any part of the work, the entire responsibility for that work would be mine. An admirable trait I thought, in any employer. To make an employe feel that the "boss" has confidence in her is a high compliment and it puts that employe on her metal to do her best to merit the trust imposed. Naturally I took great pride in proving I was worthy of the trust. So I began to see immediately that my delight in securing this position was well founded.

Quite often someone will say, on hearing that I work for Dr. Preston

Bradley: "Your work must be interesting." And I truthfully reply, "It is indeed. I love it!" It isn't easy. There is an enormous amount of detail; schedules to be met; always a time element to be considered. The first year the detail had my head in a whirl.

Dr. Bradley is a great organizer. On leaving for his recent trip to the West Indies, in less than an hour he had outlined enough work to do, to keep me constantly busy the entire time he and Mrs. Bradley were gone. But that sense of "Here it all is; you're on your own now," leaves one free to go ahead, to plan and execute, and to feel a great deal of satisfaction when the results are all rounded up. Yes, I love my work. It has been a training ground, both business-wise and character-wise and I shall never cease to be grateful to Dr. Bradley and to the two Mrs. Bradleys, who have made these seventeen years, three months and three days a happy and progressive period of my life—in fact, the very happiest part of it all. It seemed as though this Liberalist could not go to press without my saying so.

* * *

Now for a look into the Mail Bag. Our first letter is from a Milwaukee man:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your sermon on Sunday, February 17th, at 5:30 p.m. on WCFL, was so interesting to several of our guests that they asked if it were possible to obtain copies. They want to read it at their leisure and fully digest it. One guest was from California, aged 90; the other was Lord Olaf, and of course, Lady Louise. Both are 80.

I recall that you were at Piney Woods last May when I was. I hope that you find time to interest folks in that fine school and stimulate them to visit there and help Dr. Jones. A dollar gets a workout there. More so than at Boys Town or the Berry schools.

Time was when the Junior College boys at Piney Woods, Miss. had several baseball teams that toured the country and made friends and some money for the school. Now that no longer is possible because the Southern Draft Board sees to it that the Negro boy gets into the army to make their quota. They are urgently in need of baseball eqiupment. I have been trying to interest the Milwaukee Braves, but without success thus far.

Sincerely,

F. W. Schaefer.

Mr. Schaefer enclosed a copy of the school newspaper, "The Pine Torch," "published every other month in the interest of primitive Christianity and education in the Piney Woods School, at Piney Woods, Miss., by the Piney Woods School on Highway 49, southeast of Jackson, Mssissippi, twenty-two miles."

Dr. Bradley gave the graduation address at Piney Woods last year and will do so again on May 22nd of this year.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

There must be some adequate way in which to express our appreciation to you for your presentation at our Services on February 1st, but at the moment it eludes me. We are deeply grateful for your participation and for the inspiring and stimulating Sermon which was delivered.

It is seldom indeed that we have an opportunity to have the exposure which you represent—45 years of priceless experience in contact with a broad cross-section of Chicago's population, constantly absorbing the thinking of the people, as a result of your sensitive understanding of their problems and pressures.

We want you to know how very

grateful we are to you and how sincerely we appreciate the time you were so gracious to make available, from personal commitments, to be with us.

Cordially,

Edwin S. Rubens,

Secretary, Mikdosh El, The Conservative Congregation of Evanston.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As President of the Milwaukee Board of Realtors and for myself personally, I wish to take a minute of your time to thank you for the wonderful message that you gave at our 3rd Annual Salesman's Seminar at the Schroeder Hotel Tuesday.

It was a pleasure to have the privilege of meeting you and having the opportunity of performing the introduction.

Many of those present remarked how glad they were to have the privilege of being at the meeting. Again, thank you.

Sincerely,

Clinton R. Taplin, President.

* * *

We quote from a letter from Edna Harrison, President, Friends of Drama:

"The Friends of Drama and I wish to thank you very appreciatively for your interesting talk before our breakfast gathering yesterday.

"It is a great privilege to have you with us and each member looks forward to our Anniversary Meeting because of you.

"You have had a great influence upon my life, as I have been one of your radio friends for many years "whom you never knew" and I wish to thank you, and tell you again, what a joy it was to meet you personally.

"God bless you with good health, happiness and love."

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We have just heard your sermon on Lincoln and, as usual, found your ideas on this subject especially inpiring. This made me think of all the many times your services have been so inspiring to me, even from the time when I was too young to understand the meaning of what sounded like "big words."

Though I attended Sunday School, church, and vesper services in the local Presbyterian church all my childhood, I believe that your one hour a week services on the radio made the greatest impression on me.

My husband and I joined your church two years ago, even though we realized that we would be able to contribute only a little in the way of active participation or financial support. We still wanted to feel a part of your church in spite of being so distant from it. We both feel that the direct communication we have with it through the medium of radio is much more meaningful to us (even with an active two-year-old present), than attendance at some local church where there are so many outside distractions of sight and sound.

Eventually, when our son is of Sunday School age, we will take part in a local church, but will always arrange to hear your 11:00 o'clock broadcast, and hope some day our response will not have to be so passive.

I am enclosing an article from the December 15th Saturday Evening Post which describes my husband and his work. This is the first national magazine to print an article interpreting the work of the School Social Worker. Someday perhaps the Chicago School System will adopt this much needed service.

Sincerely yours,

Jeanne Alderson (Mrs. John J.)

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

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